

SOULE • GARNEY • MILLA

DAREDEVIL

#1

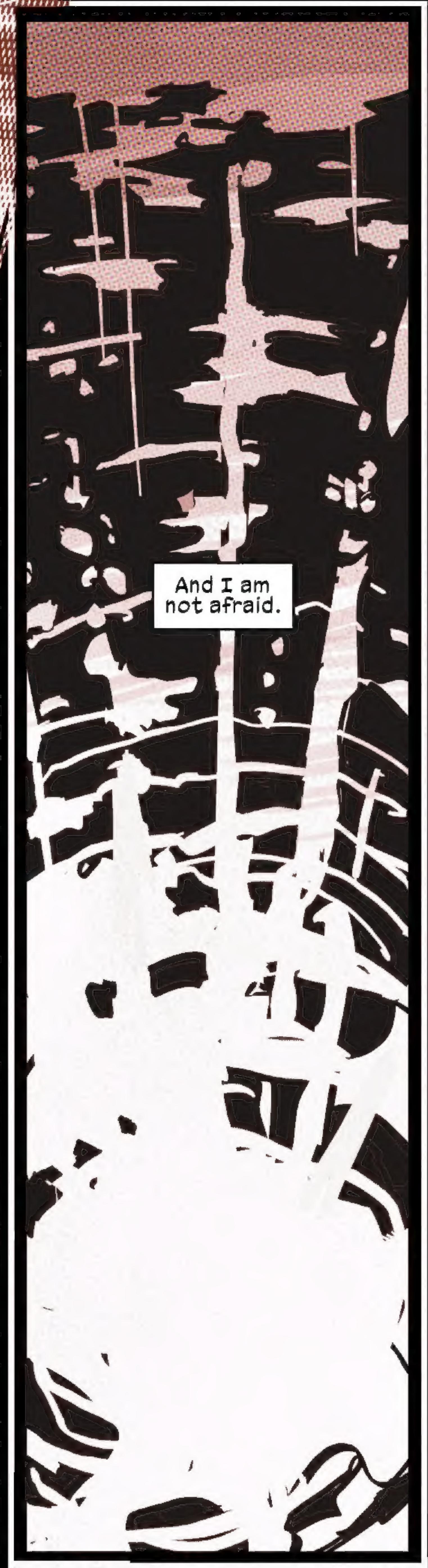
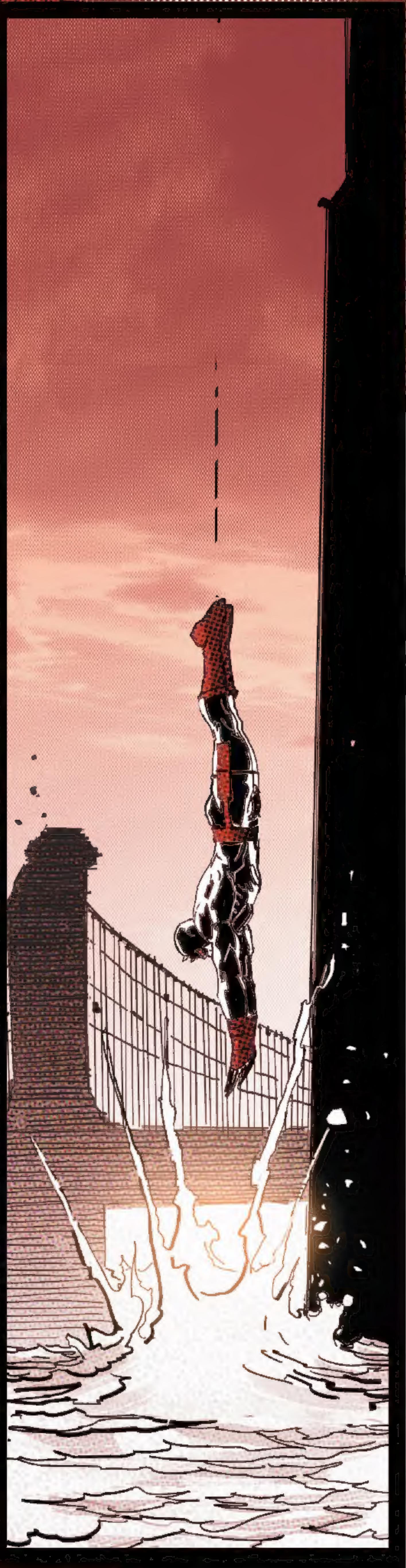
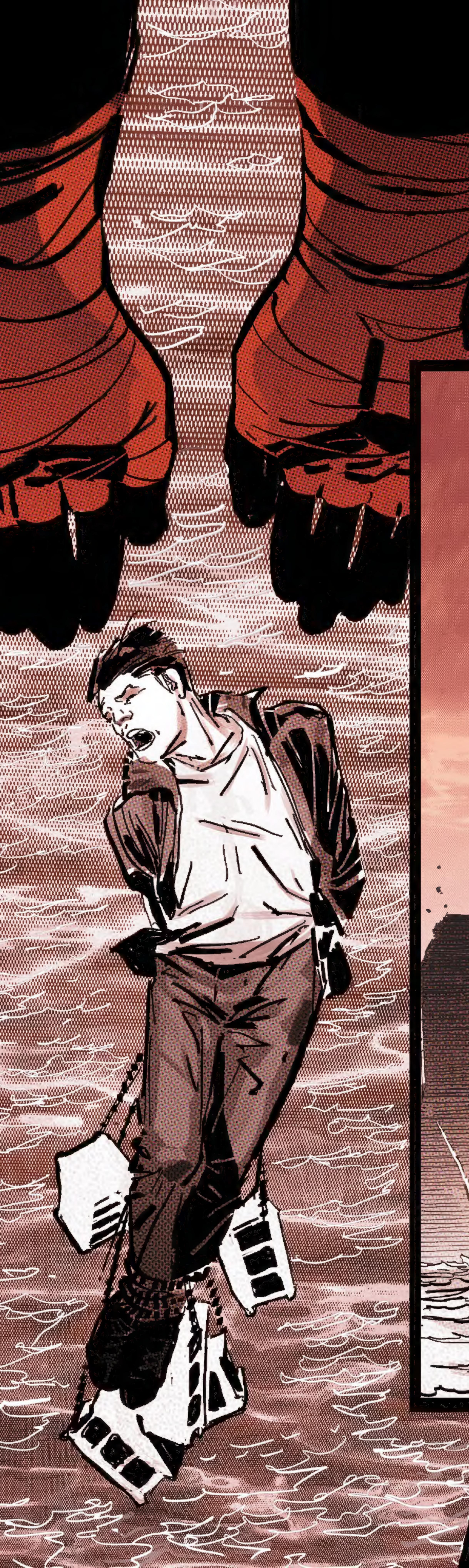


MARVEL



I am Matt
Murdock.

I am
Daredevil.



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

DAREDEVIL

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NEW YORK CITY.

THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE DAREDEVIL DID THAT. JUST JUMPED RIGHT AFTER BILLY--HE DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

WHAT, YOU RATHER HE'D STAYED UP HERE?



WHEN WE GO BACK, TENFINGERS WILL LOOK ME RIGHT IN THE EYES AND ASK ME IF I'M SURE THAT BILLY LI IS DEAD.

YOU KNOW HOW HE IS. YOU CAN'T LIE TO HIM. I NEED TO BE ABLE TO SAY YES, AND PUT A CHERRY ON TOP BY TELLING HIM WE TOOK OUT DAREDEVIL, TOO.

SO KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT RIVER.
AND MAKE SURE.



Where are you, Billy?

Radar sense doesn't work well underwater. Sound moves **strangely**--more than four times faster. Hard to process the imagery that quickly.


Or maybe I'm just running out of air.

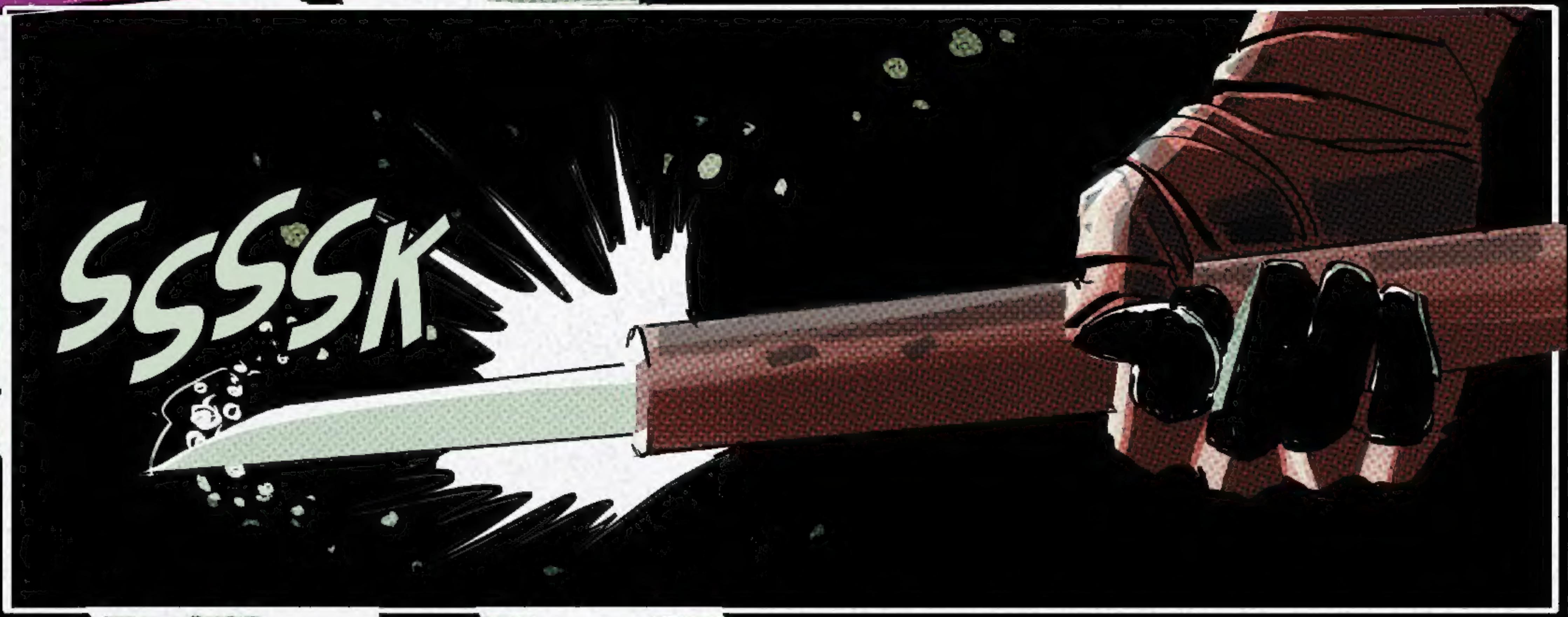
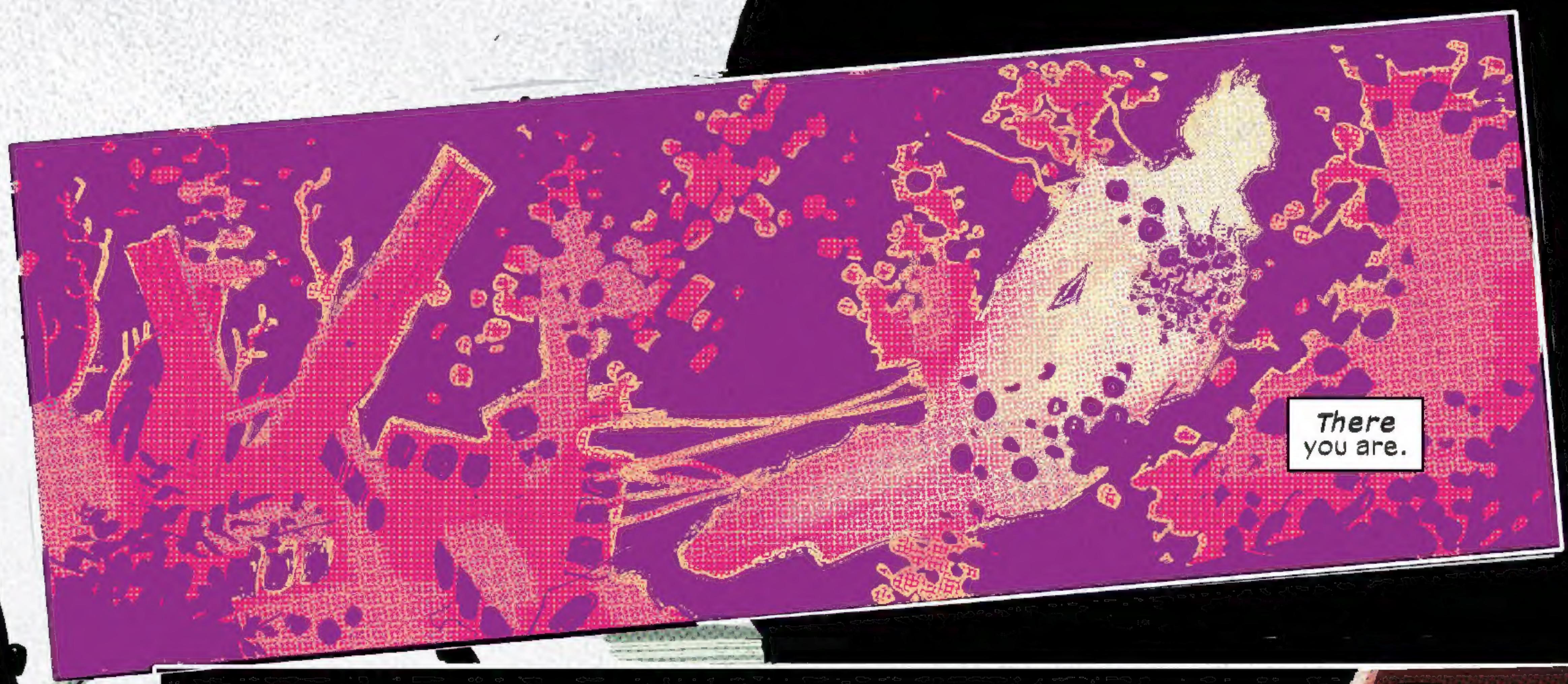
Heartbeat.

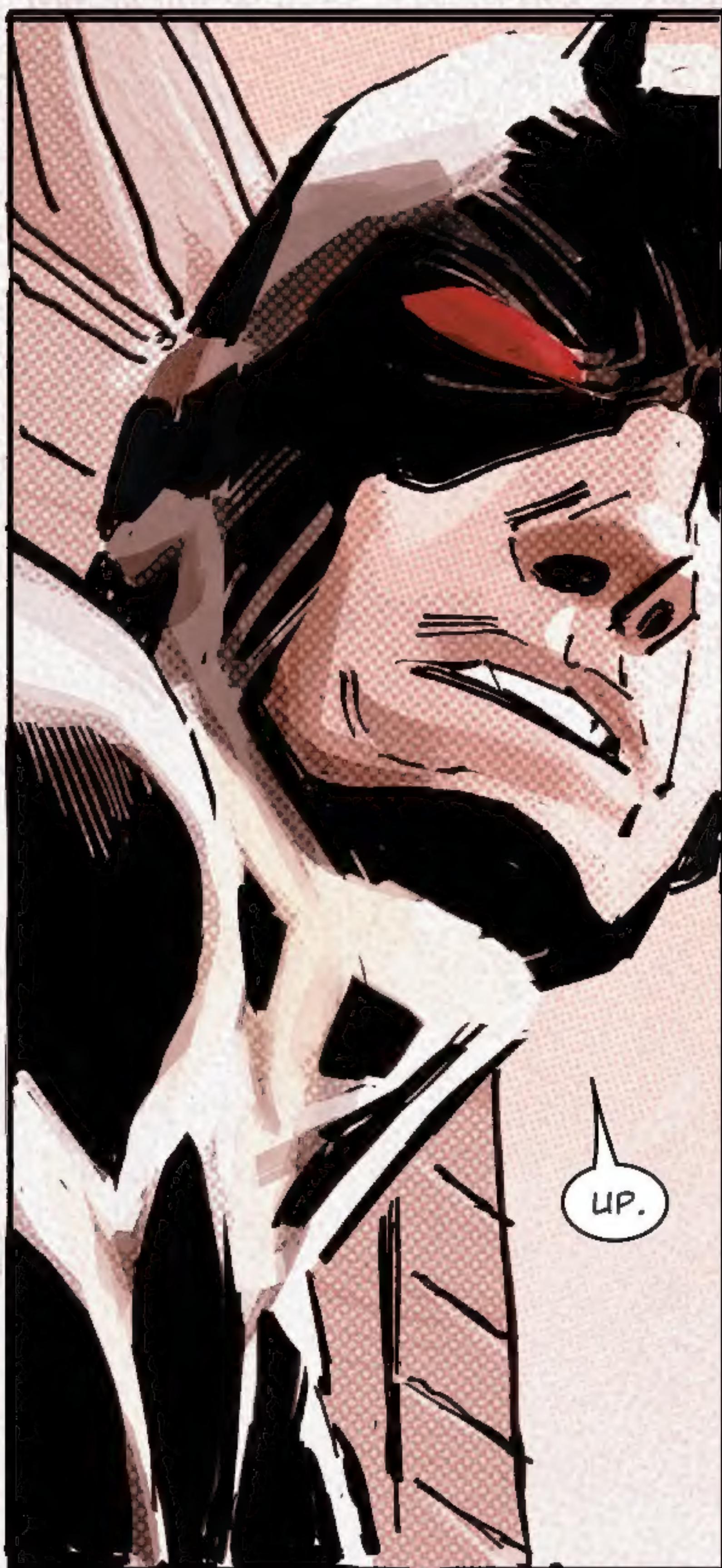
Too fast. He's drowning.

Can't... pinpoint it.

Where are you, Billy Li?









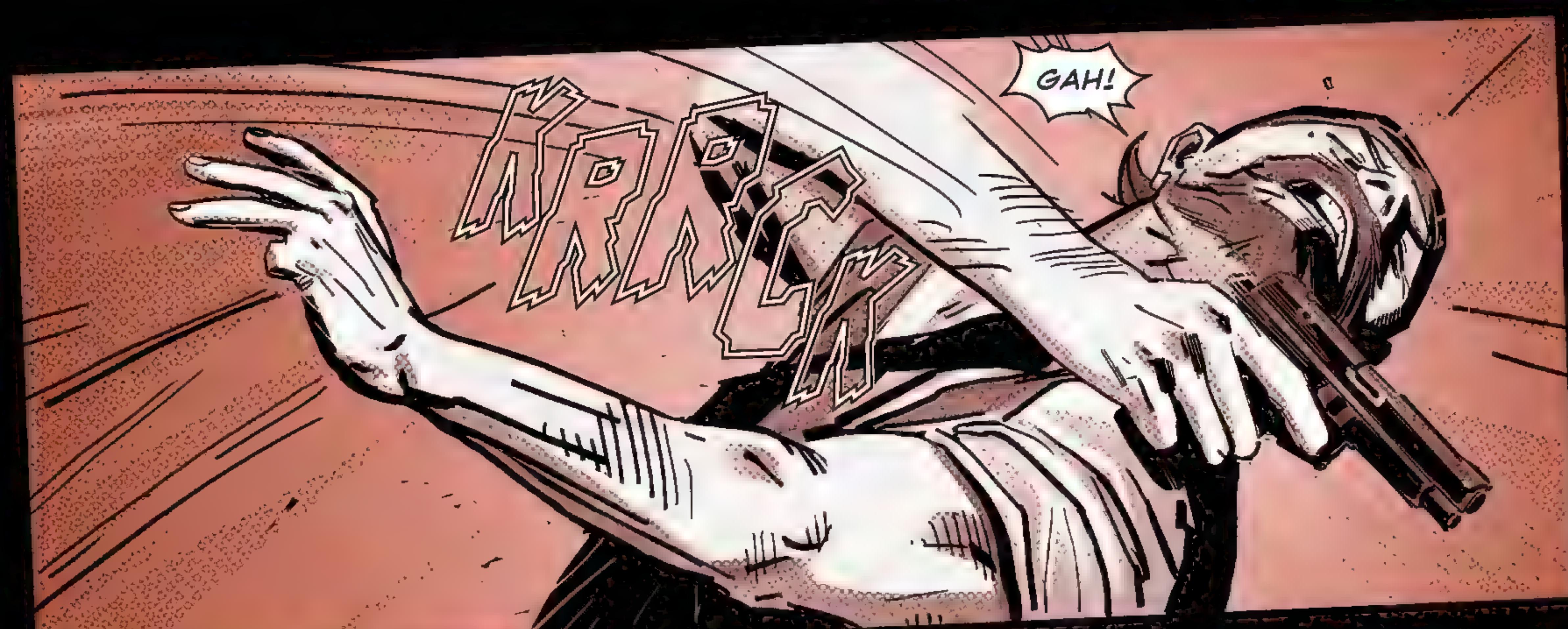
I don't get these guys yet. They look like street thugs, but they fight like they've spent their lives training with Iron Fist.

And then there's the whole fingers thin--

Missed it...missed it. Dammit. Fall must have scrambled my senses more than I ~~nnight~~ realized.

YOU DUMB BASTARD. WE'RE THE CHURCH OF TENFINGERS. WHAT'D YOU THINK? YOU COULD TAKE US ALL OUT ALONE?

ACTUALLY...
...NO.



7
YOU TELL HIM!
TELL TENFINGERS HE'S
DONE, AND THERE'S NOTHING
HE CAN DO ABOUT IT. HE'S
JUST MAKING IT WORSE
FOR HIMSELF.



I, UH, HAD
TO STOP TO BUY
BATTERIES.

INVISIBILITY
DOESN'T JUST
HAPPEN, YOU KNOW.
MAYBE YOUR POWERS
ARE FREE, BUT
MINE COST.

SO DID
MINE, BLINDSPOT.
BELIEVE ME.

TOMORROW
NIGHT, 2 AM.
TRAINING. THE
USUAL
SPOT.

COME
ON, MAN, I
THOUGHT YOU SAID
I DID WELL. WHEN
DO I GET TO
SLEEP?

WHEN
YOU'RE GOOD
ENOUGH TO
BEAT ME.

PFPSH

ZZIP

HNH.

YOU GOT IT,
BOSSMAN.

410 WEST 48th STREET, APT. 5D.

12:06 AM.



HE IS ASLEEP, RIGHT?

UNLESS HE'S BETTER AT FAKING SLEEP RHYTHMS THAN ANYONE I'VE EVER MET--THEN YEAH, HE'S OUT.

GOOD. LISTEN, I DIDN'T ASK TO BE THE ONLY PERSON LEFT WHO KNOWS DAREDEVIL'S REAL NAME. I DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR CONSCIENCE. I DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR SAFE HARBOR.

BUT NOW...MATT MURDOCK CAN LIVE HIS LIFE, AND DAREDEVIL CAN TAKE RISKS AGAIN.

EVERYTHING I HAD TO DO TO GET HERE WAS WORTH IT.

I HAD TO, FOGGY. MATT MURDOCK AND DAREDEVIL-- THEY WERE BECOMING EACH OTHER'S WORST ENEMIES.

AND THAT KID YOU'RE WORKING WITH? YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIM. YOU'RE TRUSTING HIM WITH YOUR LIFE. WHY?

YOU JUST SAID IT, FOGGY. BECAUSE I TRUST HIM. AND HE NEEDS ME. I'M FEELING THIS OUT AS I GO, BUT BLINDSPOT IS THE ONE THING I'M SURE IS RIGHT.

THIS IS THE LAST TIME I HELP YOU. NEVER AGAIN.

MATT.

1 HOGAN PLACE. MANHATTAN.

NEW YORK COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

Footsteps.

Heels. Worn, though. Old shoes. No woman keeps heels until they're about to fall apart by choice.

So it's a paralegal.

Oranges, too. She peeled an orange this morning. She **always** has an orange in the morning.

So...

...Ellen King.

HELLO, COUNSELOR.

WHO'S THAT?

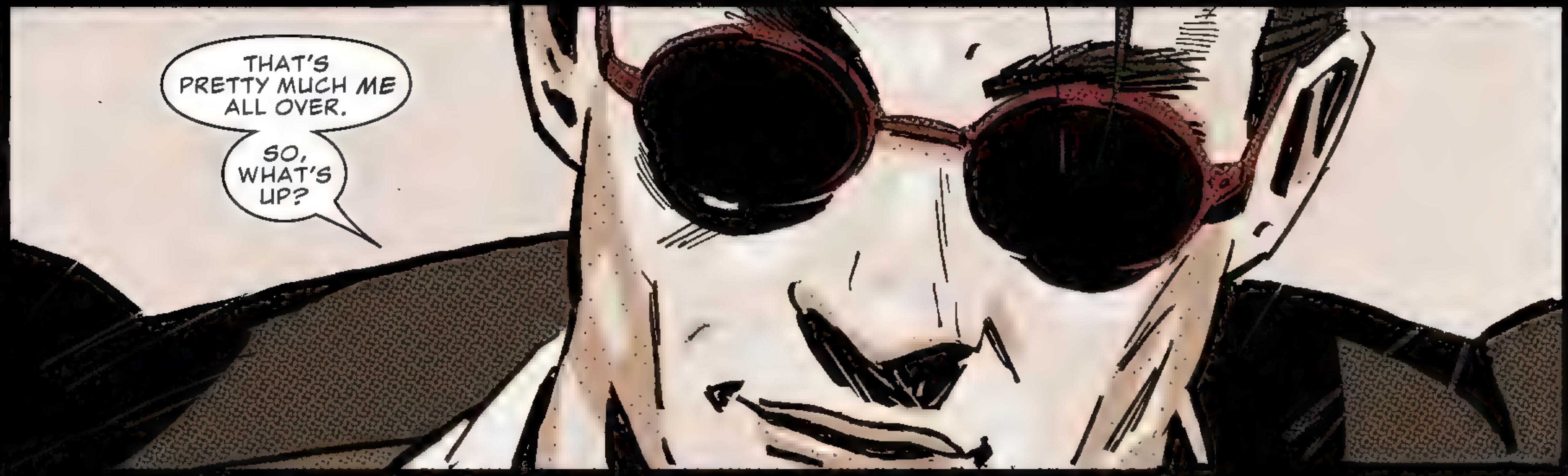
ELLEN KING, MR. MURDOCK.

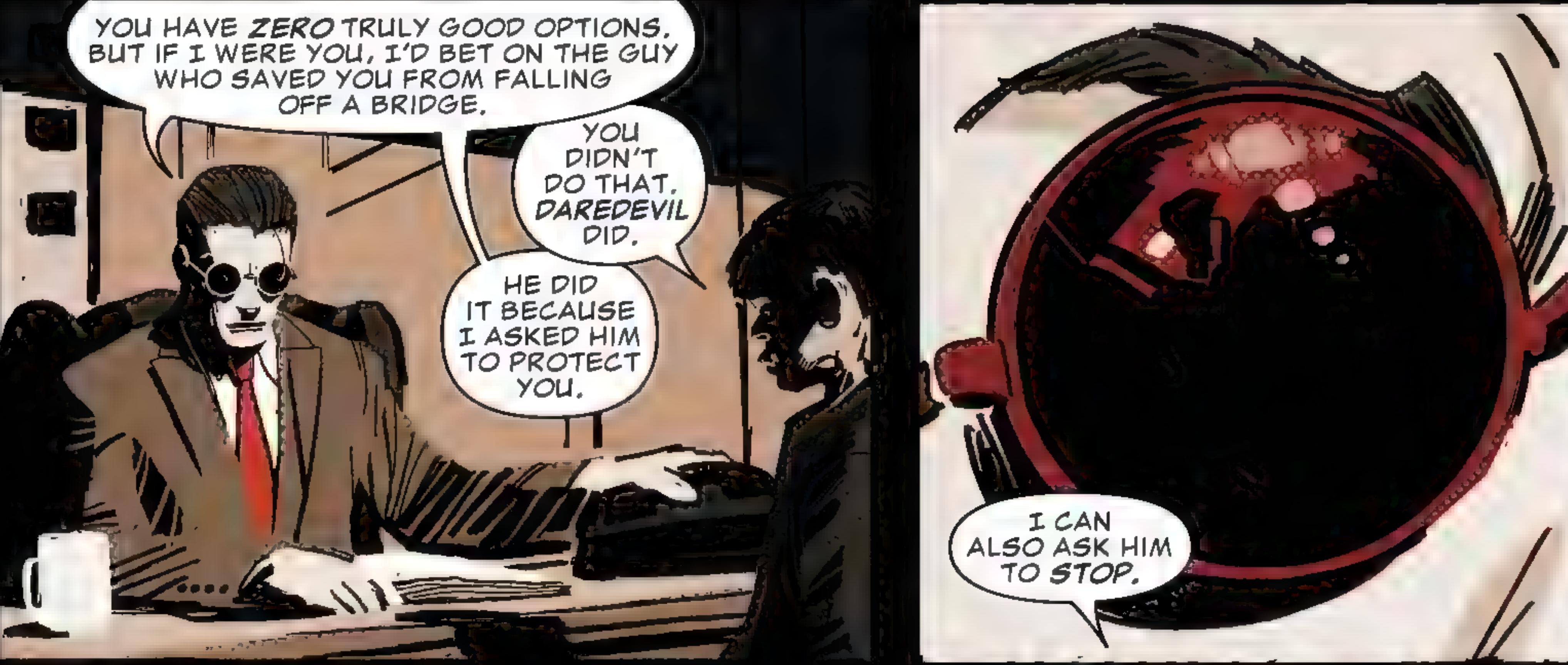
RIGHT. THANKS, BUT CALL ME MATT, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

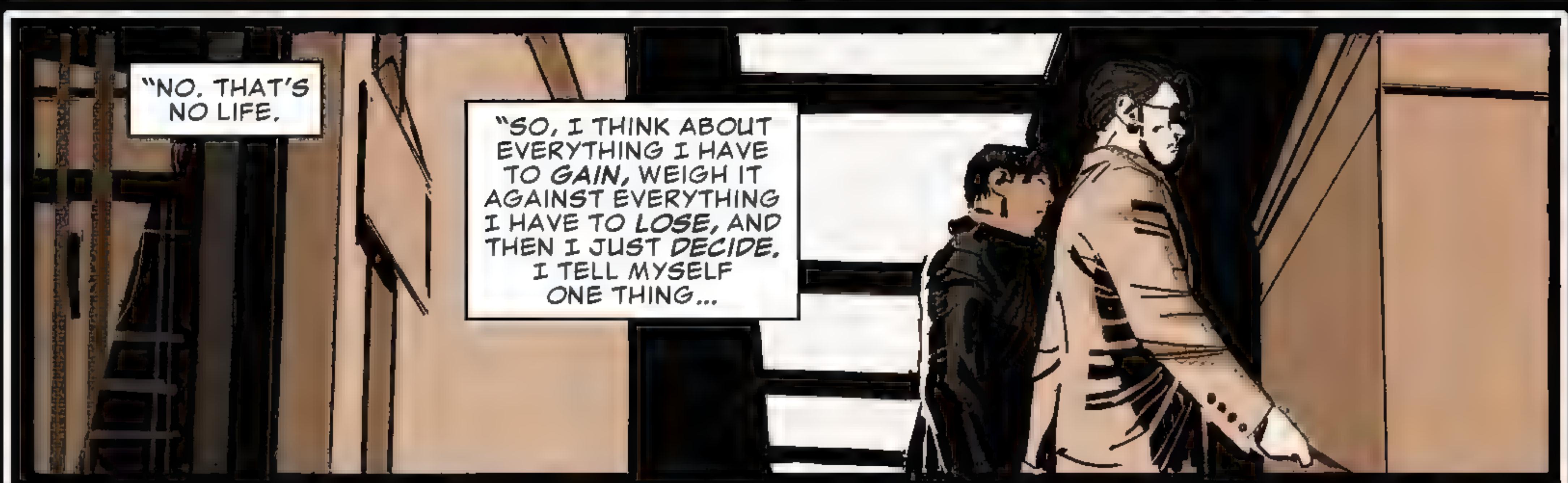
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THEY STUCK YOU IN HERE. I MEAN, I KNOW YOU'RE LOW LAWYER ON THE LAWYER POLE, BUT AN ELEVATOR SHAFT?

I DON'T MIND. THIS PLACE IS PACKED. EVERY OFFICE IS FULL, AND I'M THE NEWEST A.D.A. IN THE JOINT. IT'S TO BE EXPECTED.

EVEN IF I WASN'T, DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY SHOULD WASTE A ROOM WITH A VIEW ON THE BLIND GUY?







CHINATOWN.



--KILL
THE LAWYER,
TOO.

YOU
GOT IT,
BOSSMAN.
YOU CAN
COUNT ON
ME.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



DON'T MISS *DAREDEVIL* #2

